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THE
MUCKLETONIANS

IN THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS

IN 1878.


Clark County Democrat print

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HE MUCKLETONIAN CLUB of Winchester, Kentucky, is an old organization, many of whose members are devoted to the gun and the rod, and have grown cunning in their exercise by years of practice in this and other States; while other members attend the expeditions of the Club for recreation and good-fellowship. Its organization was the spontaneous outgrowth of congenial association, which chrysalized into a permanent form on the banks of the classic waters of Kentucky River years ago, and time has only mellowed the associations and hallowed the friendships then formed.

The name which was selected by our President, R. N. WINN, has been the subject of much comment, and its meaning has given rise to much speculation. To satisfy the curious, it is only necessary to say that the name is one of the Eleusinian mysteries, and its signification, like the ways of God, is past finding out to the uninitiated.

The Club numbers seventeen members and a cook, representing the professions and the different business interests of Clark county, Kentucky, and twice a year they leave the cares of business behind, and make an excursion for pleasure and recreation.

For several years we have talked of a trip to the Rocky Mountains and the great parks beyond; and on the 27th of August, 1878, R. N. WINN, J. D. GAY, D. A. GAY, J. J. EUBANK, J. D. SIMPSON, A. H. SYMPSON, G. R. SNYDER, R. J. SNYDER, B. P. GOFF, T. F. PHILLIPS, S. G. JACKSON, J. L. WHEELER, M. G. TAYLOR and LEELAND HATHAWAY, of the Club, DR. JAMES SYMPSON, RODNEY HAGGARD, W. D. GAY and JAMES S. WINN, invited guests, and ROBT. BROWN, cook, and THOMAS BROWN, waiter, left Winchester on the Big Sandy Railroad, westward bound, to realize the dream of years; arrived at Louisville, and making close

connection, we left over the Ohio and Mississippi road for St. Louis, where we laid over on the 28th, visiting the Fair Grounds, the Zoological Garden, the Imperial Wine-Cellars, and other places of interest, where we were very courteously received and kindly entertained. The Imperial Wine Company opened samples of cork-webbed Champagne of the vintage of 187-, which proved satisfactory to the epicurean tastes of our President and Treasurer.

After a pleasant day we left over the Missouri Pacific for Kansas City, whence, without delay, we started at 11 A. M., the 29th of August, by way of the Kansas Pacific, over the great plains for Denver, up the Kansas River Valley, through Lawrence, Topeka, etc.

Lawrence, brisk and peaceful, shows no trace of Quantrell's touch: and Topeka, the capital of the State, is fast assuming the proportions of a city, while the valley in which she sits, rich as the loam of the Nile, is a very granary of the world. The Kansas Pacific stretches for more than a hundred miles through an expanse of waving corn, extending back north and south of the railroad as far as the eye can reach. The State looks green and glad, with no recollection of blight or grasshopper, and extends her hospitable arms to the starving millions of the East, and invites them to be filled. No need for agrarianism or communism. There is room and to spare for all.

Leaving the valley of the Kansas we enter what was known to our boyhood as the "Great American Desert," called so no longer. It awes us with its vastness, but we weary of the sameness. For hundreds of miles the landscape is an unbroken vista of prairie, only relieved at long intervals by the necessary water station, and varied rarely by the solitary ranchman in his "dug-out," with his herd of cattle, which look like black dots on the plain. The dug-out, the house peculiar to the prairie ranchman, is curious in itself. It is a house literally dug out in the earth, frequently containing several rooms furnished in a rude fashion,

and occupied by the herder and his family, who are always hospitable, and ready to welcome strangers.

It is pleasing to the denizens of these immense plains to hear expressions of wonder from visitors; and the remark of LORD SKELMERSDALE on his visit here is repeated as often as the story of GREELEY'S ride in California, and with the same monotonous exactness. His Lordship said: "Above everything else, your country impresses me with its vastness." Not much, truly; but enough to enthuse the western world.

Darkness shut us in at Junction City on the 29th. While there "JOE," a typical Kentucky negro, found us out and came into our coach, and with hat in hand greeted us with that mixture of obsequious deference and affectionate familiarity characteristic of his race in the South, asking where we were from, and telling us with much self-satisfaction that he was from Georgetown, Kentucky, and who his whitefolks were.

The negro always bases his claims to respectability on the wealth and social standing of his quondam "whitefolks." JOE, on being questioned as to how he knew we were from his native State, facetiously answered "Dat Kaintuckians always carried de sign;" when a dry-salt Murpheyite in the crowd suggested that he knew the odor of "sour-mash" on board.

JOE said he was doing well, but many of the late colored emigrants were not. Our colored cook, BOB BROWN, gave him a generous drink of old Kentucky whisky, at which JOE said with a sigh: "I hain't had no sich truck as dat sence I left old Kaintuck;" and BOB truly answered him: "No, and you won't git no mo' sich till you go back dar, neither."

The conductor shouts "all aboard," we tell JOE "good-bye," he rushes off, and we leave him to wrestle with fortune in a land he knows not. Alas, poor CUFF! He will miss his whisky and his "'possum," "de cabin and de coon;" but he is a man and a brother, and 'he wotes."

Friday morning the 30th, dawned bright near Fort Wallace,

whose flags we saw flying over the temporary shelter of the soldiers quartered there. Near there we saw the first antelope, and for miles the party fired from the windows at the little fellows as they scampered away. If anybody struck one we didn't find it out. It was full of excitement while it lasted and seemed to vary the monotony of the ride.

One curious feature of the landscape is the sunflowers growing along the line of the road from Kansas City to Denver, and nowhere else in the two States. What is their origin? is the question. One story is that this is the route of the Mormons, and as they went West they dropped the seed to mark the trail, that they might have land-marks in case they should desire to return.

We reached Denver, the capital of Colorado, on the 30th, at 6 P. M., our train having run behind time. We saw but little of the city; leaving early on the 31st on the Colorado Central to Golden City. The road runs through a fertile valley, rich with grass and wheat. Changing cars here, we enter Clear Creek canon, a wonder of wonders to all of us. It is as if the old granite was split sharp from summit to base and the sections set, say 30 feet apart, making a grand cut through and through, with the sides of the cut rising sheer on either side of the road from 200 to 600 feet high, frequently leaning unpleasantly far over the bed of the railway. Through this rift in the rock runs the roaring Clear Creek, with a fall of about 300 feet to the mile, its hoarse throat being audible above the clatter of the train. On each side of the chasm and surmounting the walls are many wonderful stones.

Inspiration Rock, a place for girls and poets to gaze and gush, Mother Grundy, hair profile and all, standing clear into the sunlight, 600 feet above us. The Three Brothers, immense boulders 30 feet through, fallen from the summit.

There are, on the line of the road and within a few hours of Denver, several delightful summer resorts. Prominent among them is Idaho Springs. This is a charming place, with hot sul-

phur baths and several varieties of health-giving waters, and like all other points in the Rocky Mountains, a sultry night here is unknown. The scenery and the atmosphere woo and win "tired nature's sweet restorer," and a sleepless night is among the impossibilities. Why pleasure-seekers will persist in roasting and stewing and feeding musquitos in the fashionable resorts of the East, when within easy reach by rail there are green pastures and pleasant waters, with breezes tempered by the snows of the mountains, to invigorate and cheer, is one of those things which can only be accounted for on the theory of the universal perversity of human nature. It is true that the hotel clerks here have not the crushing dignity which lends them such a charm in the East, but this might be borne in exchange for the delights of the climate and the life-giving properties of the waters of this almost real Eldorado.

In this canon we saw the first mining—washing for gold. We staid in Georgetown, the terminus of the Colorado Central, until the morning of the 1st of September. It is a thriving town of about 3,500 inhabitants at the head of this canon, and is supported by the mining interests.

The mountains with which it is surrounded and shut in are completely honey-combed with the work of the ore-diggers, from the humble fellow who works a small vein on his own hook and sells out his quartz Saturday night, to the great companies who work many hands, with immense mills for reducing the ore and smelting the metal.

The individual miners go out on Monday morning with a boro or small jackass packed with "grub" for the man and material for the work on the side of the mountain, and come down Saturday night with their jacks loaded with the gains of the week. Standing at the depot in Georgetown, hundreds of these toilers are in sight, winding down the mountain sides in all directions, looking like mere insects in the distance.

The miner has much of the gambler's recklessness and dash. —

No class live so much on faith. Without a cent to-day, refused credit by the grocer who has furnished him "grub" so long, fruition comes to-morrow—"he strikes it rich" and revels in new-got wealth. The tradesman courts him, and speculators haunt him. His luck generally ends in his selling out to capitalists, taking his ready cash, and after spending the bulk of it with his comrades, moves on to "strike another lead." The miners rarely get wealth and keep it.

The most important mine in this neighborhood is "The Terrible," owned one-third by an English Company, and two-thirds by Senator CHAFFEE and Mr. HARNEIL.

They have miles of tunnels and shafts, and are doing an immense business—a thousand dollars a day above working expenses. There are others of almost equal dignity, but it is enough to speak of one. They are all alike in their general features and in their workings. Everybody is mining here; they all talk quartz; children speak of the assay yesterday, ladies know to an ounce what a ton of ore will "pan out." We are in an atmosphere of gold and silver; and speaking of the atmosphere, we experienced here for the first time the effects of a rarified air. One must be very cautious, or he will walk himself to exhaustion. The sensation is like an electric shock to the frame, particularly to the nose, and an undulating, waving motion of the air, which is very uncomfortable. This soon wears off, and we feel nothing but exhilaration.

From Georgetown we proceed to Middle Park in wagons and on horseback. The liverymen in Colorado are not behind their Eastern brethren in driving a trade, but after the usual chaffering we are off. The luggage and ten men in wagons, and ten men on horses, or, as they are called, "Broncho ponies," melancholy looking brutes, but faithful and sure-footed. The road is broad and well-kept, the grade easy, making the ascent of the Great Granite Range pleasant. Round and round the foot-hills, back and forth on the face of the mountains winds the road, till after

fifteen miles steady climbing we stand in Berthoud Pass, 11,350 feet above the level of the sea. Away below us, crawling along the brown streak, are the wagons and the slower horsemen. This pass is a depression or sink in the backbone of the Rockies, over which the great wagon road passes, with peaks rising several hundred feet on each side. Here we found the "Summit House" — a pretty log-cabin, furnished neatly, and all of its appointments giving evidence of refinement and taste. This house is the residence of LEWIS D. C. GASKILL, wife and three children. He superintends the improvements and repairs on the road. For seven months in the year they are snowed in, and as completely isolated as if there was no world outside of their little cabin. During this wearisome imprisonment he teaches his children, and the faithful wife busies herself in household duties and cunning work with her needle and brush. They fed our whole party on stewed grouse and broiled venison, served in good style, and with the grace and ease that come of good breeding and kindness of heart. It was matter of wonder to us to find in this outpost so much cultivation and refinement.

The wagons having come up, we go down the mountain to the head of Middle Park, going into camp for the first time, on Frazer Creek, whose waters flow to the Pacific. At the entrance to the Park lives WM. Z. COZENS and his family. COZENS is an ideal pioneer. Standing six feet one inch in his moccasons, weight 185 pounds, straight as a shaft, strong, graceful, and gamey-looking, his head poised like a stag, every feature instinct with the air of command, he would be a marked man anywhere. He has been in Colorado since 1859; was first sheriff of the Territory three years under "Miners' Law," then five years under Territorial law. He saw danger in all forms and under all guises. His manner is grave, but courteous, and he speaks deliberately, as one who weighs his words well.

Previous to leaving Georgetown there were exciting rumors of roving bands of Ute Indians in Middle Park, and exaggerated

stories of their depredations. One story reached the thrilling height of nineteen men murdered and scalped (of course they were scalped) by the savages. We had been in camp but a short time when we were informed that these same ugly Utes, to the number of about seventy-five, were camped about five miles below us, on TURNER'S Ranche, they having driven TURNER out of his house and off of his farm, with many threats of violence. The story runs that when TURNER thus retreated before the noble red man, he made immediate complaint to the Governor, who referred the matter back to EUGENE MARKER, sheriff of Grand county, where these tantrums were being enacted. MARKER immediately organized a posse to move the sons of the forest into their reservation. On the 1st of September, the day on which we pitched our tents for our maiden bivouac on the Pacific slope, the Sheriff with his posse reached the Indian camp at TURNER'S Ranche and captured the lodges, the squaws and pappooses and a few of the older warriors, including Chiefs WASHINGTON and PIAH. The young "bucks," who it seems were out racing, being signaled, came dashing into the Ranche, showing fight, and in the skirmish one warrior was killed, when the whole surrendered and were marched off toward their reservation on White River; not, however without frequent demands being made by the chiefs upon the Sheriff for the surrender to them of the man who shot the Indian. This the Sheriff declined to do, when the Indians made many threats of vengeance, which they began to execute two days thereafter in the wanton murder of an old ranchman named ELLIOTT, in the shooting at his son and another ranchman, the stealing of horses, and other depredations upon the property of the settlers. The whole Park was aroused, the women and children sent out, and the men stripped for a fight, which many expected in a very few days.

We struck camp early on the 2nd, and went to Hot Sulphur Springs, the county-seat of Grand county and the center of the Indian excitement. Here we camped the night of the 3rd. We

met Sheriff MARKER and several of the *posse* who were in the Indian skirmish. We found MARKER a splendid specimen of the frontiersman; intelligent and full of nerve, expecting trouble but ready to meet it. We learned here that the Utes have been grumbling for years, and are only waiting the death of UREY and a favorable opportunity, for a general outbreak. They say they have never parted with the title to Middle Park, their grand hunting grounds, that they have been cheated out of their annuities, and many other damaging things.

It seems that the policy of the Government has not been for the best interests of either the Indian or the frontiersman. The Indian's anger is aroused by fraud and oppression, and he wreaks his vengeance on the innocent ranchman and his helpless family. While the United States troops make a show of vigilance by "marching up the hill and marching down again" weeks after the noble red man has returned to his reservation laden with the spoils of his raid and the scalps of his victims: there are no troops within a hundred miles of Hot Sulphur Springs, Grand county, the center of a robust and growing civilization; while hundreds of *dilletanti* warriors are doubtless dawdling on the very crest of metropolitan society, with no duty more arduous than drawing their monthly stipend, and no danger more startling than a flirtation with the reigning belle. Shame! It is a damning shame. Every settler butchered is a blot on the country's escutcheon, and his blood will cry out from the ground against a Government that leaves them thus to be sacrificed.

There they stand, the sleepless picket of the world's grand army, keeping guard over the world's civilization; shall they not have support when their post is attacked? If not they have determined to help themselves, and woe to the Ute or Arrapahoe found off his reservation!

While we were in the Park, — Cook, the General-in-Chief of the Colorado State forces, came over from Denver to learn what the trouble was. He organized a party and started in the

direction of the Indian reservation. Nothing has been heard from him since.

The Parks are on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and are immense basins shut in by arms or spurs of the great range and covered with rich grasses and other vegetation. Streams of limpid water abound, making it the paradise of elk, deer, antelope, and smaller game, and the delight, as well, of the ranchmen and their cattle. "Did you ever see such milk and butter as they have here?" was the universal exclamation of all. "Why Kentucky bluegrass dairies are nothing to this" Middle Park, one of these wonderful grazing grounds, is 150 by 250 miles in extent; very fertile, and filling up fast. Grand river flows through it, which with its tributaries gives a plentiful supply of water.

The Hot Sulphur Springs here are beginning to attract attention. They have a good bath house with water at 120° Fahrenheit, which we all enjoyed after our long ride. But few miles below Hot Sulphur grazing is good and cattle do well all winter, while at the head of the Park, 75 miles away, snow covers everything to the depth of many feet. The freaks of nature here are almost fantastic.

It was in Middle Park that we ate the first antelope steak prepared by that Prince of cooks, BOB BROWN. It is like everything else in Colorado, it cannot be described—one must have been there to appreciate it. After three days spent in the Park we folded our tents, not exactly like the Arabs, however, and left reluctantly for Georgetown, believing it was not prudent for us to scatter far hunting and fishing, as matters then stood with the Indians.

Having been cheated out of our hunt we decided to turn our attention to sight-seeing for a few days and then start for home. Our first visit was to Gray's Peak, fifteen miles from Georgetown.

Its summit is reached by a winding trail, up which a horse labors and man gazes and wonders. We soon reach the home of

eternal snow, with which one can dally with one hand while he gathers flowers with the other. Here the right hand would scarcely suspect what the left was doing. This is the highest peak in all this portion of the range, standing 14,341 feet above sea level, like SAUL among the prophets, overlooking all its compeers. We quickly took shelter from the cutting wind in the rock-house on the summit, and all wished for more wrapping, although we wore heavy winter clothing. From here are visible Long's Peak, Pike's Peak, Mount of Holy Cross, Middle Park, and many other points of interest. In fact, the world seems at our feet. The descent is but little less difficult than the ascent, and more dangerous; still W. D. GAY urged his horse to full speed and dashed down the perilous path, passing the guide FRANK LANE, who stopped and stared, muttering to himself: "I never saw such a d—d fool on this mountain before." PUTNAM'S ride is eclipsed. The old hero must take a back seat, and GAY shall pass into history as the wizard of the mountains.

Green Lake was the next wonder in our way. Set on the mountain 10,000 feet high, it is a very emerald in the gorgeous landscape. It is one-half a mile by one-fourth in dimensions, and its limpid depth defies alike human vision and the searching "lead line." Away down under fathoms of its crystal waters stands what seems to be a forest of petrifications, grand guardians over the traditions of a primeval world. The proprietors of this charming lake are adding to its attractions by propagating myriads of fish of different varieties and building bathing and boating houses. This will naturally attract anglers, and if the gentle spirit of IZAAK WALTON should "revisit the glimpses of the moon" it would find no lovelier spot on earth to immortalize than this same entrancing lake.

Next we go to Colorado Springs by way of Denver, visiting in turn the Garden of the Gods, Manitou Springs, the Devil's Punch Bowl, Glen Eyre, the Queen's Canon, and other places.

One approaches a description of the Garden of the Gods as he

approaches the Garden itself—with feelings of awe. Standing on the plain as we approach are the pillars to the gateway, shafts of red sandstone shooting into the heavens 350 feet high, standing alone like grim sentinels for the granite hosts beyond. Just outside the gate is a pillar of white sandstone, while the interior is studded with steeple-like formations of alternate red and white sandstone, prominent among which are the Cathedral Rocks, rising, many of them, over 200 feet, and so thin as to appear mere splinters at the top. A wonderful feature amid this museum of wonders is the so-called grave yards, slabs of alternate red and white sandstone covering a space of an acre or more, and at a distance it has all the seeming of a well-ordered burial ground. It would take no reckless reach of imagination to people this rock-bound glen with a ghostly race and fix that well marked spot as their last resting-place, so wierd are all its surroundings, so grand and impressive are all its appointments.

Beyond, by a beautiful drive we reach Glen Eyre, nestling in the arms of the mountains, a jewel of brightness and beauty.— Here wealth and taste have struck hands with nature and have dressed this glen in holiday attire. The owner, Gen. PALMER, has built an elegant three-story house and surrounded it with embellishments in keeping with the romantic features of the place. It is now occupied by a wealthy English bachelor, lured from the solid comforts of his island home by the sylvan beauty of this far-away Elysian field.

Pushing our search, we enter Queen's Canon, which is the queen of canons. Shut in from the rude glare of the day, we walk in a subdued and mystic light between walls of granite towering hundreds of feet above us on either side, our spirits keeping time to the dashing waters at our feet. Our ascent of the Queen's Canon is blocked by the Devil's Punch Bowl, a circular basin in the solid rock, extending across the canon, evidently made by the falling of the water. Truly, a continual dropping wears away the stone; for J. D. SIMPSON, to his surprise, found

what he supposed to be a depth of three feet to be not less than ten.

Manitou Springs, just at the foot of Pike's Peak, another delightful summer resort, claimed our attention. The hotels are second to none west of the Alleghenies, and the waters embrace all the medicinal qualities claimed for the far famed springs of the east, with the hot sulphur and soda baths added, no roasting and sweltering; scenery such as is had nowhere else. The course of the tourist and health-seeker are sure to turn, like the "star of empire"—westward, at no distant day.

Passing here we reach the Rainbow Falls, whose name gives its features to the reader. This, with the Bridal Veil, belongs to a series of cascades, with which the mountain streams of Colorado abound, fit dwelling-places for nymphs and naiads.

Returning through Colorado Springs, a very pretty town of about 3,000 inhabitants, we are on our way back to Denver, the capital of the State, claiming 25,000 people. It is a rushing, growing town, suggestive of thrift and large possibilities for the future. The business portion of the town is solid and commercial like, and the remainder is filling up with substantial and even elegant residences and cosy cottage houses. The streets are laid at right angles, are broad, and shaded on each side by double rows of cottonwood trees, and on both sides of every street runs a rivulet of water, insuring perfect irrigation and immunity from dirt. With all its driving Western enterprise and money-making, Denver is peculiarly a city of homes, and with its promise of success to those who seek it with patient labor, and the charm of its society, there is no reason why it should not be the metropolis of the far West.

It is difficult to speak of Colorado and not gush. It is altogether on so grand a scale that after confining narration to the severest limit of facts, it will read like a romance. Here is a State not out of swaddling clothes shaking off the trammels of infancy and taking her place among the older sisters with the confidence

of strength and the buoyancy of faith in her destiny. What gives her this seeming arrogance? The solution is easy to those who 'have been there.' The vast fields, with the means of immigration at hand, yield wheat for the entire population, and to spare. The grazing grounds furnish the best of beef for all, with thousands to export, and the capacity of the soil has not been tested to one-tenth of its limit. Coal abundant and good, is at her doors, while the remainder of the State is a vast deposit of ores—gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, and everything that makes a people rich. With millions pouring into the lap of the young State, with food and fuel at her doors, and nothing for which to send out a dollar in money, except clothing, why should not she be buoyant? The Governor, JOHN L. ROUT, told us that eighty bushels to the acre was not an unusual yield of wheat. We heard on all sides of the wonderful growth of the herds of cattle. Many ranchmen are making fortunes in a few years; and we saw the treasures of the earth yielding themselves in glittering thousands to the brave, earnest fellows on the mountain sides.

No wonder S. G. JACKSON, one of our number, familiarly known as "OLD HICKORY," changed his opinion of GREELEY.—Said JACKSON: "I thought GREELEY was a hum bug, and was only chaffing when he said 'Go West, young man,' but since I have seen what I have seen I take it all back, HORACE was a trump, and the young man was a fool himself when he didn't take the advice and go at once."

But this is not the country for drones. Nothing but pluck and work succeed. With energy and perseverance a young man of ability (and what young man but thinks he has ability?) may hope for anything. He must be willing, too, to begin at the bottom of the ladder.

We met in Denver a striking example of the possibilities of the country. CALVIN DARNAL, colored, who played with the writer of this in boyhood over the hills of Montgomery county, Kentucky, porter at the American House (which, by the way,

we recommend to travelers) told us that he drifted to Colorado after the late war, and that he had bought a farm for which he was offered \$8,000, and had money enough to buy another. And he, by the way, is a cripple and without education; but he worked and saved his earnings.

One never tires of talking of the wonders of this wonderful land, and to merely mention all the objects and views that claim one's attention would fill a volume.

It would not be justice to the club nor the railroad men with whom we came in contact on our trip, to close this article without speaking of them and their many courtesies, and first to W. S. McCHESNEY, the agent of the Ohio and Mississippi, with whom we made our contract. We desire in this public manner to return to him and the road he represents our thanks for the kindness and attention shown us. He was not only efficient on his own road, but having been detailed to attend us on our trip his experience as a railroad man and his acquaintance with the officials of other roads lent us much valuable aid. Then to N. HAIGHT, J. AGLAR and P. B. GROAT, of the Kansas Pacific, and to C. S. CONE, of the Ohio and Mississippi, we are indebted for many favors, and we hope that any friends who may be called West may fall into the hands of these whole-souled fellows.

AGLAR, of the K. P., turned himself loose on us in St. Louis and handed us around on a silver waiter, subjecting us to the seductive influences of the city's Imperial Champagne, and gladdening our eyes with the wonders of the place. The roads over which we traveled spared no pains to make our trip pleasant, putting always at our disposal a first-class coach for our exclusive use.

I want specially to mention F. L. PECK, Esq., agent of the Colorado Central at Georgetown. His wife being a Kentuckian, he opened his heart to us at once, and tendered us the hospitalities of his home and the free use of the large buildings connected with his road. "We were strangers and he took us in" in the

best sense of that blessed precept, and to him and his charming wife we owe much of the pleasure of our trip, and they will always occupy a warm place on the hearthstone of each heart in the party. May they be as happy and as successful as we wish them, and that will do.

After our acknowledgments thus tendered it is only necessary to take the party home, where bright eyes and loving hearts were waiting to welcome us. From Denver to Winchester the long ride by rail was made from Monday morning to Thursday evening, stopping over at St. Louis about ten hours.

No accident happened to mar the pleasure of our journey, and all are enthusiastic over the Far West, the great Rocky Mountains, the dreamland, the myth of our childhood. L. H.

Muckletonian - means
"muck tongue"